

**"Parole (Evil Genius Mix)"**

*[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]*

(980505A) Yeah nigga what  
(You made parole) What?  
(Pack your stuff) The fuck?  
(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha  
Aiiyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man  
Aiiyo G, aiiyo G son, I got my papers man  
I'm out this motherfucker!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again  
Don't work for the government coke packagin  
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again  
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin  
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican  
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans  
Every time we come back, they... *[record rewinds]*  
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again  
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again  
Don't work for the government coke packagin  
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again  
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin  
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican  
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans  
Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in  
Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons  
'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison  
Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things  
But corporations do worse to protect they bling  
Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game  
They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name  
Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics  
and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic  
But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man  
Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man  
We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises  
Usin O.G.'s as advisors  
Before they, send us to war, after they divide us  
But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders  
My movement's like a jujitsu kata  
I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater nigga

*[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]*

(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?  
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?  
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)  
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and a half  
([screams] Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)  
([screams] I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)  
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my God!)  
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?  
(You got that baby, yeah!)

*[Immortal Technique]*

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again  
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again  
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again  
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again  
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in  
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen  
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in  
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin  
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence  
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins  
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's  
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in  
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again  
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin  
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in  
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in  
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment  
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent went?"  
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your swaggerin?  
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num  
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans  
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens  
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack again  
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back again

*[scratches]*

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Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in  
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin  
I'm on parole